

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## THE DUKE'S CHILDREN.

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CHAPTER LXIV. "I BELIEVE HIM TO BE  
A WORTHY YOUNG MAN."

LADY MARY and Mrs. Finn were alone when the tidings came from Silverbridge. The duke had been absent, having gone to spend an unpleasant week in Barssetshire. Mary had taken the opportunity of his absence to discuss her own prospects at full length. "My dear," said Mrs. Finn, "I will not express an opinion. How can I, after all that has passed? I have told the duke the same. I cannot be heart and hand with either, without being false to the other." But still Lady Mary continued to talk about Tregear.

"I don't think papa has a right to treat me in this way," she said. "He wouldn't be allowed to kill me, and this is killing me."

"While there is life there is hope," said Mrs. Finn.

"Yes; while there is life there is hope. But one doesn't want to grow old first."

"There is no danger of that yet, Mary."

"I feel very old. What is the use of life without something to make it sweet? I am not even allowed to hear anything that he is doing. If he were to ask me, I think I would go away with him to-morrow."

"He would not be foolish enough for that."

"Because he does not suffer as I do. He has his borough, and his public life, and a hundred things to think of. I have got nothing but him. I know he is true—quite as true as I am. But it is I that have the suffering in all this. A man can never

be like a girl. Papa ought not to make me suffer like this."

That took place on the Monday. On the Tuesday Mrs. Finn received a letter from her husband giving his account of the accident. "As far as I can learn," he said, "Silverbridge will write about it to-morrow." Then he went on to give a by no means good account of the state of the patient. The doctor had declared him to be out of immediate danger, and had set the broken bones. As tidings would be sent on the next day she had better say nothing about the accident to Lady Mary. This letter reached Matching on Tuesday, and made the position of Mrs. Finn very disagreeable. She was bound to carry herself as though nothing were amiss, knowing, as she did so, the condition of Mary's lover.

On the evening of that day Lady Mary was more lively than usual, though her liveliness was hardly of a happy nature.

"I don't know what papa can expect. I've heard him say a hundred times that to be in Parliament is the highest place a gentleman can fill, and now Frank is in Parliament." Mrs. Finn looked at her with beseeching eyes, as though begging her not to speak of Tregear. "And then to think of their having that Lord Popplecourt there! I shall always hate Lady Cantrip, for it was her place. That she should have thought it possible! Lord Popplecourt! Such a creature. Hyperion to a satyr. Isn't it true? Oh, that papa should have thought it possible!" Then she got up, and walked about the room, beating her hands together. All this time Mrs. Finn knew that Tregear was lying at Harrington with half his bones broken, and in danger of his life!

On the next morning Lady Mary received her letters. There were two lying before her plate when she came in to breakfast, one from her father and the other from Silverbridge. She read that from the duke first while Mrs. Finn was watching her. "Papa will be home on Saturday," she said. "He declares that the people in the borough are quite delighted with Silverbridge for a member. And he is quite jocose. 'They used to be delighted with me once,' he says, 'but I suppose everybody changes.'" Then she began to pour out the tea before she opened her brother's letter. Mrs. Finn's eyes were still on her anxiously. "I wonder what Silverbridge has got to say about the Brake Hunt." Then she opened her letter.

"Oh—oh!" she exclaimed; "Frank has killed himself."

"Killed himself! Not that. It is not so bad as that."

"You had heard it before."

"How is he, Mary?"

"Oh, heavens! I cannot read it. Do you read it. Tell me all. Tell me the truth. What am I to do? Where shall I go?" Then she threw up her hands, and with a loud scream fell on her knees with her head upon the chair. In the next moment Mrs. Finn was down beside her on the floor. "Read it; why do you not read it. If you will not read it, give it to me."

Mrs. Finn did read the letter, which was very short, but still giving by no means an unfavourable account of the patient. "I am sorry to say he has broken ever so many bones, and we were very much frightened about him." Then the writer went into details, from which a reader who did not read the words carefully might well imagine that the man's life was still in danger.

Mrs. Finn did read it all, and did her best to comfort her friend. "It has been a bad accident," she said, "but it is clear that he is getting better. Men do so often break their bones, and then seem to think nothing of it afterwards."

"Silverbridge says it was his fault. What does he mean?"

"I suppose he was riding too close to Mr. Tregear, and that they came down together. Of course it is distressing, but I do not think you need make yourself positively unhappy about it."

"Would not you be unhappy if it were Mr. Finn?" said Mary, jumping up from her knees. "I shall go to him. I should go mad if I were to remain here and know

nothing about it but what Silverbridge will tell me."

"I will telegraph to Mr. Finn."

"Mr. Finn won't care. Men are so heartless. They write about each other as though it did not signify in the least whether anybody were dead or alive. I shall go to him."

"You cannot do that."

"I don't care now what anybody may think. I choose to be considered as belonging to him, and if papa were here I would say the same." It was of course not difficult to make her understand that she could not go to Harrington, but it was by no means easy to keep her tranquil. She would send a telegram herself. This was debated for a long time, till at last Lady Mary insisted that she was not subject to Mrs. Finn's authority. "If papa were here, even then I would send it." And she did send it, in her own name, regardless of the fact pointed out to her by Mrs. Finn, that the people at the post-office would thus know her secret. "It is no secret," she said. "I don't want it to be a secret." The telegram went in the following words. "I have heard it. I am so wretched. Send me one word to say how you are." She got an answer back, with Tregear's own name to it, on that afternoon. "Do not be unhappy. I am doing well. Silverbridge is with me."

On the Thursday Gerald came home from Scotland. He had arranged his little affair with Lord Percival, not however without some difficulty. Lord Percival had declared he did not understand I. O. Us. in an affair of that kind. He had always thought that gentlemen did not play for stakes which they could not pay at once. This was not said to Gerald himself—or the result would have been calamitous. Nidderdale was the go-between, and at last arranged it—not however till he had pointed out that Percival, having won so large a sum of money from a lad under twenty-one years of age, was very lucky in receiving substantial security for its payment.

Gerald had chosen the period of his father's absence for his return. It was necessary that the story of the gambling debt should be told the duke in February. Silverbridge had explained that to him, and he had quite understood it. He, indeed, would be up at Oxford in February, and, in that case, the first horror of the thing would be left to poor Silverbridge! Thinking of this, Gerald felt that he was bound

to tell his father himself. He resolved that he would do so, but was anxious to postpone the evil day. He lingered therefore in Scotland till he knew that his father was in Barseshire.

On his arrival he was told of Tregear's accident. "Oh, Gerald; have you heard?" said his sister. He had not as yet heard, and then the history was repeated to him. Mary did not attempt to conceal her own feelings. She was as open with her brother as she had been with Mrs. Finn.

"I suppose he'll get over it," said Gerald.

"Is that all you say?" she asked.

"What can I say better? I suppose he will. Fellows always do get over that kind of thing. Herbert de Burgh smashed both his thighs, and now he can move about again—of course with crutches."

"Gerald! How can you be so unfeeling!"

"I don't know what you mean. I always liked Tregear, and I am very sorry for him. If you would take it a little quieter, I think it would be better."

"I could not take it quietly. How can I take it quietly when he is more than all the world to me?"

"You should keep that to yourself."

"Yes—and so let people think that I didn't care, till I broke my heart! I shall say just the same to papa when he comes home." After that the brother and sister were not on very good terms with each other for the remainder of the day.

On the Saturday there was a letter from Silverbridge to Mrs. Finn. Tregear was better; but was unhappy because it had been decided that he could not be moved for the next month. This entailed two misfortunes on him—first that of being the enforced guest of persons who were not, or, hitherto had not been his own friends—and then his absence from the first meeting of Parliament. When a gentleman has been in Parliament some years he may be able to reconcile himself to an obligatory vacation with a calm mind. But when the honours and glory are new, and the tedium of the benches has not yet been experienced, then such an accident is felt to be a grievance. But the young member was out of danger, and was, as Silverbridge declared, in the very best quarters which could be provided for a man in such a position.

Phineas Finn told him all the politics; Mrs. Spooner related to him, on Sundays and Wednesdays, all the hunting details; while Lady Chiltern read to him light literature, because he was not allowed to hold a book in his hand. "I wish it were

me," said Gerald. "I wish I were there to read to him," said Mary.

Then the duke came home. "Mary," said he, "I have been distressed to hear of this accident." This seemed to her to be the kindest word she had heard from him for a long time. "I believe him to be a worthy young man. I am sorry that he should be the cause of so much sorrow to you—and to me."

"Of course I was sorry for his accident," she replied, after pausing awhile; "but now that he is better I will not call him a cause of sorrow—to me." Then the duke said nothing further about Tregear; nor did she.

"So you have come at last," he said to Gerald. That was the first greeting—to which the son responded by an awkward smile. But in the course of the evening he walked straight up to his father. "I have something to tell you, sir," said he.

"Something to tell me?"

"Something that will make you very angry."

#### CHAPTER LXV. "DO YOU EVER THINK WHAT MONEY IS?"

GERALD told his story, standing bolt upright, and looking his father full in the face as he told it. "You lost three thousand four hundred pounds at one sitting to Lord Percival—at cards!"

"Yes, sir."

"In Lord Nidderdale's house."

"Yes, sir. Nidderdale wasn't playing. It wasn't his fault."

"Who was playing?"

"Percival, and Dolly Longstaff, and Jack Hinde—and I. Popplecourt was playing at first."

"Lord Popplecourt!"

"Yes, sir. But he went away when he began to lose."

"Three thousand four hundred pounds! How old are you?"

"I am just twenty-one."

"You are beginning the world well, Gerald! What is the engagement which Silverbridge has made with Lord Percival?"

"To pay him the money at the end of next month."

"What had Silverbridge to do with it?"

"Nothing, sir. I wrote to Silverbridge because I didn't know what to do. I knew he would stand to me."

"Who is to stand to either of you if you go on thus I do not know." To this Gerald of course made no reply, but an idea came across his mind that he knew who would

stand both to himself and his brother. "How did Silverbridge mean to get the money?"

"He said he would ask you. But I thought that I ought to tell you."

"Is that all?"

"All what, sir."

"Are there other debts?" To this Gerald made no reply. "Other gambling debts."

"No, sir; not a shilling of that kind. I have never played before."

"Does it ever occur to you that going on at that rate you may very soon lose all the fortune that will ever come to you? You were not yet of age, and you lost three thousand four hundred pounds at cards to a man whom you probably knew to be a professed gambler?" The duke seemed to wait for a reply, but poor Gerald had not a word to say. "Can you explain to me what benefit you propose to yourself when you played for such stakes as that?"

"I hoped to win back what I had lost."

"Facilis descensus Avern!" said the duke, shaking his head. "Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis." No doubt, he thought, that as his son was at Oxford, admonitions in Latin would serve him better than in his native tongue. But Gerald, when he heard the grand hexameter rolled out in his father's grandest tone, entertained a comfortable feeling that the worst of the interview was over. "Win back what you had lost! Do you think that that is the common fortune of young gamblers when they fall among those who are more experienced than themselves?"

"One goes on, sir, without reflecting."

"Go on without reflecting! Yes, and where to? where to? Oh, Gerald, where to? Whither will such progress without reflection take you?" "He means—to the devil," the lad said inwardly to himself, without moving his lips. "There is but one goal for such going on as that. I can pay three thousand four hundred pounds for you certainly. I think it hard that I should have to do so; but I can do it—and I will do it."

"Thank you, sir," murmured Gerald.

"But how can I wash your young mind clean from the foul stain which has already defiled it? Why did you sit down to play? Was it to win the money which these men had in their pockets?"

"Not particularly."

"It cannot be that a rational being should consent to risk the money he has himself—to risk even the money which he has not

himself—without a desire to win that which as yet belongs to his opponents. You desired to win."

"I suppose I did hope to win."

"And why? Why did you want to extract their property from their pockets, and to put it into your own? That the footpad on the road should have such desire when, with his pistol, he stops the traveller on his journey, we all understand. And we know what we think of the footpad—and what we do to him. He is a poor creature, who from his youth upwards has had no good thing done for him, uneducated, an outcast, whom we should pity more than we despise him. We take him as a pest which we cannot endure, and lock him up where he can harm us no more. On my word, Gerald, I think that the so-called gentleman who sits down with the deliberate intention of extracting money from the pockets of his antagonists, who lays out for himself that way of repairing the shortcomings of fortune, who looks to that resource as an aid to his means—is worse, much worse, than the public robber! He is meaner, more cowardly, and has, I think, in his bosom less of the feelings of an honest man. And he probably has been educated—as you have been. He calls himself a gentleman. He should know black from white. It is considered terrible to cheat at cards."

"There was nothing of that, sir."

"The man who plays and cheats has fallen low indeed."

"I understand that, sir."

"He who plays that he may make an income, but does not cheat, has fallen nearly as low. Do you ever think what money is?"

The duke paused so long, collecting his own thoughts and thinking of his own words, that Gerald found himself obliged to answer. "Cheques, and sovereigns, and bank-notes," he replied with much hesitation.

"Money is the reward of labour," said the duke, "or rather, in the shape it reaches you, it is your representation of that reward. You may earn it yourself, or, as is, I am afraid, more likely to be the case with you, you may possess it honestly as prepared for you by the labour of others who have stored it up for you. But it is a commodity of which you are bound to see that the source is not only clean but noble. You would not let Lord Percival give you money."

"He wouldn't do that, sir, I am sure."



"Nor would you take it. There is nothing so comfortable as money—but nothing so defiling if it be come by unworthily; nothing so comfortable, but nothing so noxious if the mind be allowed to dwell upon it constantly. If a man have enough, let him spend it freely. If he wants it, let him earn it honestly. Let him do something for it, so that the man who pays it to him may get its value. But to think that it may be got by gambling, to hope to live after that fashion, to sit down with your fingers almost in your neighbour's pockets, with your eye on his purse, trusting that you may know better than he some studied calculations as to the pips concealed in your hands, praying to the only god you worship that some special card may be vouchsafed to you—that, I say, is to have left far, far behind you, all nobility, all gentleness, all manhood! Write me down Lord Percival's address and I will send him the money."

Then the duke wrote a cheque for the money claimed and sent it with a note, as follows: "The Duke of Omnium presents his compliments to Lord Percival. The duke has been informed by Lord Gerald Palliser that Lord Percival has won at cards from him the sum of three thousand four hundred pounds. The duke now encloses a cheque for that amount, and requests that the document which Lord Percival holds from Lord Silverbridge as security for the amount, may be returned to Lord Gerald." Let the noble gambler have his prey. He was little solicitous about that. If he could only so operate on the mind of this son—so operate on the minds of both his sons, as to make them see the foolishness of folly, the ugliness of what is mean, the squalor and dirt of ignoble pursuits, then he could easily pardon past faults. If it were half his wealth what would it signify if he could teach his children to accept those lessons without which no man can live as a gentleman, let his rank be the highest known, let his wealth be as the sands, his fashion unrivalled!

The word or two which his daughter had said to him, declaring that she still took pride in her lover's love, and then this new misfortune on Gerald's part, upset him greatly. He almost sickened of politics when he thought of his domestic bereavement and his domestic misfortunes. How completely had he failed to indoctrinate his children with the ideas by which his own mind was fortified and controlled! Nothing was so base to him as a gambler, and they

had both commenced their career by gambling. From their young boyhood nothing had seemed so desirable to him as that they should be accustomed by early training to devote themselves to the service of their country. He saw other young noblemen around him who at eighteen were known as debaters at their colleges, or at twenty-five were already deep in politics, social science, and educational projects. What good would all his wealth or all his position do for his children if their minds could rise to nothing beyond the shooting of deer and the hunting of foxes? There was young Lord Buttercup, the son of the Earl of Woolantallow, only a few months older than Silverbridge—who was already a junior lord, and as constant at his office, or during the Session on the Treasury Bench, as though there were not a pack of hounds or a card-table in Great Britain! Lord Buttercup, too, had already written an article in *The Fortnightly* on the subject of Turkish finance. How long would it be before Silverbridge would write an article, or Gerald sign his name in the service of the public?

And then those proposed marriages, as to which he was beginning to know that his children would be too strong for him! Anxious as he was that both his sons should be permeated by Liberal politics, studious as he had ever been to teach them that the highest duty of those high in rank was to use their authority to elevate those beneath them, still he was hardly less anxious to make them understand that their second duty required them to maintain their own position. It was by feeling this second duty—by feeling it and performing it—that they would be enabled to perform the first. And now both Silverbridge and his girl were bent upon marriages by which they would depart out of their own order! Let Silverbridge marry whom he might he could not be other than heir to the honours of his family. But by his marriage he might either support or derogate from these honours. And now, having at first made a choice that was good, he had altered his mind from simple freak, captivated by a pair of bright eyes and an arch smile; and, without a feeling in regard to his family, was anxious to take to his bosom the granddaughter of an American day-labourer!

And then his girl, of whose beauty he was so proud, from whose manners, and tastes, and modes of life he had expected to reap those good things in a feminine

degree which his sons as young men seemed so little fitted to give him! By slow degrees he had been brought round to acknowledge that the young man was worthy. Tregear's conduct had been felt by the duke to be manly. The letter he had written was a good letter. And then he had won for himself a seat in the House of Commons. When forced to speak of him to his girl he had been driven by justice to call him worthy. But how could he serve to support and strengthen that nobility, the endurance and perpetuation of which should be the peculiar care of every Palliser?

And yet as the duke walked about his room he felt that his opposition either to the one marriage or to the other was vain. Of course they would marry according to their wills.

That same night Gerald wrote to his brother before he went to bed, as follows:

"DEAR SILVER,—I was awfully obliged to you for sending me the I.O.U. for that brute Percival. He only sneered when he took it, and would have said something disagreeable, but that he saw that I was in earnest. I know he did say something to Nid, only I can't find out what. Nid is an easy-going fellow, and, as I saw, didn't want to have a rumpus.

"But now what do you think I've done? Directly I got home I told the governor all about it. As I was in the train I made up my mind that I would. I went slap at it. If there's anything that never does anybody any good, it's craning. I did it all at one rush, just as though I was swallowing a dose of physic. I wish I could tell you all the governor said, because it was really tip-top. What is a fellow to get by playing high—a fellow like you and me? I didn't want any of that beast's money. I don't suppose he had any. But one's dander gets up, and one doesn't like to be done, and so it goes on. I shall cut that kind of thing altogether. You should have heard the governor spouting Latin! And then the way he sat upon Percival without mentioning the fellow's name! I do think it mean to set yourself to work to win money at cards—and it is awfully mean to lose more than you have got to pay.

"Then at the end the governor said he'd send the beast a cheque for the amount. You know his way of finishing up—just like two fellows fighting; when one has awfully punished the other he goes up and shakes hands with him. He did pitch into me—not abusing me, not even saying

a word about the money, which he at once promised to pay, but laying it on to gambling with a regular cat-o'-nine-tails. And then there was an end of it. He just asked the fellow's address, and said that he would send him the money. I will say this—I don't think there's a greater brick than the governor out anywhere.

"I am awfully sorry about Tregear. I can't quite make out how it happened. I suppose you were too near him, and Melrose always does rush at his fences. One fellow shouldn't be too near another fellow—only it so often happens that it can't be helped. It's just like anything else—if nothing comes of it then it's all right; but if anybody comes to grief, then he has got to be pitched into. Do you remember when I nearly cut over old Sir Simon Slobody? Didn't I hear about it?

"I am awfully glad you didn't smash up Tregear altogether because of Mary. I am quite sure it is no good anybody setting up his back against that. It's one of the things that have got to be. You always have said that he is a good fellow. If so, what's the harm? At any rate it has got to be.—Your affectionate brother,

"GERALD.

"I go up in about a week."

#### CHINESE OFFICIALS.

THE Pekin Almanack, a work which is annually published at the metropolis of China by the Emperor's authority, and which unites a Civil Service Guide to an Army and Navy List, enumerated some years ago fourteen thousand magistrates, or, as we call them, mandarins. This computation, however, excludes both the class of military mandarins who officer the army and the fleet of the Celestial Empire, and the host of minor officials too humbly placed to be styled magistrates, and yet forming not an unimportant portion of the dominant caste. The well-known word "mandarin," under which we generally comprehend all office-bearers and authorities in China, is not a Chinese phrase, nor is it understood by the natives. We owe the word to the Portuguese colonists at Macao, who derived it from their own Lusitanian verb "mandar," to command. But the classes we term mandarins the Chinamen describe by the generic name of "khiouping." In the Civil Service there are nine of these grades, rising in a regular hierarchy, each bearing its well-known badge, and invested with a

recognised amount of privilege. No office under Government can be held by other than mandarins; and, great as is the difference between the viceroy of a province, lodged in a palace, surrounded by guards, and all but despotic, and the poor graduate who presides over a canal-side custom-house, they are both members of the reigning aristocracy, and the same ambition is open to each. Nothing can seem fairer at first sight than the Chinese system of dealing out the patronage of government. They have for centuries possessed our method of competing for appointments, but with infinitely less of restriction. Any Chinaman may become a candidate at any age. He does not require to be nominated for examination; he need not be under twenty. It is neither necessary that he should be the protégé of an M.P., nor that a minister should have promised "to do something for him," nor that he should take an early start in the race of life, under penalty of being excluded from it altogether. Moreover it is not, as with us, an established rule that a candidate may have but a single trial. John Chinaman is more considerably dealt with in this respect. If "plucked" he may try again, and yet again. Indeed, there have been many cases in which a dull man has been known to consume his life in periodical attempts to take a degree which he never had wit to attain; while often does a middle-aged dunce, after years of failure, contrive to stumble over the Asses' Bridge at last. No qualification is exacted. The candidates are self-nominated, and the examinations are conducted half yearly. It is merely needful to present a simple testimonial of good behaviour signed by the mayor of the aspirant's commune. This is to prove the candidate a decently-conducted person, not under legal censure for felony, filial impiety, or what is the same thing, treason.

With this exception (and also noting a power on the part of the candidate's father to "forbid the banns," without assigning reasons, a power springing from that tremendous theory of paternal authority, which is the root of all Chinese institutions) any permission to enter into the arena where literary honours are won is wholly superfluous. Nor is an average middle-class Chinaman placed at any disadvantage with reference to the instruction necessary to passing through the ordeal. Education is cheap in the empire. Such stereotyped knowledge as protection retains in the

Central Land, unchanged and unimproved, is widely diffused; and where there are so many to teach, it cannot be very costly to be taught. China swarms with schoolmasters. Most hamlets in the south, and all the large villages in the ruder north, have schools of primary education. These village schools are not at the charge of Government. The masters lead rather a precarious life, boarding alternately with the different farmers and substantial householders, and bartering lessons for rice and samshu. The viceroy may, if he think fit, bestow some small subsidy out of the provincial treasury upon the village schools, and sometimes an endowed pagoda serves for the seminary; in which case the Buddhist priests undertake the duty of rudimentary teaching, receiving a small money payment from the parents of each little scholar. Poorly paid as these schoolmasters are, they are not useless, since a surprising number of even the poorest Chinese are competent to read and write. Then comes the normal school, the expenses of which Government defrays, and in which the curriculum turns entirely upon the studies requisite for passing the official examination. Every capital of a province, called "fou" by the Chinese, has a large seminary of this kind, where many masters are employed, under the supervision of an inspector of education.

In the second-class towns, called technically "tcheou," there is a smaller school, presided over by a sub-inspector. The third order of walled towns, classed under the head of "tsien," contain a minor establishment, with two or more tutors, who are in due time promoted to the central schools. To these normal institutions resort the prize pupils of the village instructors, as well as those luckier young Chinese whose parents have been able to hire private teachers of more extensive attainments. The normal schools impart a knowledge of the sacred books, the rites, as they style the ceremonial rules which regulate every action from the cradle to the coffin, the Confucian Apophthegms, the history of all the dynasties, and the polite art of writing. It is perfectly possible for a diligent youth to go straight from the normal school to the board of examiners, to pass creditably, and come forth qualified for the petty posts under the imperial system, for tide-waiterships and collectorships of salt-excise, and such small deer of office. But if he wishes to mount the higher rounds of the gilded ladder, if he cherish visions of

gold and silver dragons flashing terror from his embroidered vest, of peacock plumage, and gaudy silken banderols drooping on his brocaded shoulders; if he hopes that the proud button of plain red coral will sprout one day on his silken cap, he must go farther afield. Peking contains a kind of university, in which a student may go through a course of the sciences gratuitously, or nearly so, and if he hopes to be a viceroy, a criminal inspector, a prefect, or a censor, he must take another journey, and repair to the University of Moukden in Manchouria, where he must devote himself to the acquisition of Tartar speech, and the careful study of Mongol peculiarities. He then returns to China Proper, and puts himself under the tutelage of a poet. He has never far to seek for one. There are plenty of lazy or disappointed sons of song, who have failed to pass their own "great go" or second examination, and who are willing to earn a few silver ounces by teaching the way to the Pierian spring. To write sonnets, odes, epithalamiums, elegies, and so forth, is absolutely necessary in China, at least to one who aspires to the highest grades of the literary aristocracy. Without a fluent facility of rhythm, no polite letter-writer is thought perfect nor can any despatch be properly drawn, and very much of a public man's prosperity will depend on the quality of flattery he can administer to his chiefs. Therefore he goes to a poet; and, despite the Latin grammar, a poet can be made, in China at least, where no invention or thought is needful, where there are certain stock similes, certain sonorous periods, a melodious tinkling, and that is all. Originality would nowadays subject a rhymester to be thought a Taiping, or other subverter of authority, and all that is needed is to combine plenty of moons, suns, birds, flowers, and streams in one harmonious web of words. When a student has added poetry to his other acquirements, he knows all that China can teach. He stands the test, and comes through it gloriously, gaining the immediate right to wear a high cap, surmounted by a button or ball as large as the egg of a pigeon, and in this case constructed of copper, gilt and wrought. Our graduate is now a B.L. or bachelor of letters, a member of the ninth class of the order of mandarins, and duly fitted for the humbler posts. But though the successful student is now one of the upper hundred thousand, an elected aristocrat, he does not necessarily receive state pay nor pass into state employ.

There is a "great go" or second ordeal to get through before he can take rank as magistrate, treasurer, sub-prefect, or inspector. Between him and the loftiest situations lies yet another barrier, harder to scale than the two former. True, he has all Chinese learning in his brain, stored away in a crude state; but if he wishes to be a great mandarin he must show the power to apply it. He can learn; can he think? If he hopes to change his ninth-class button for one of those envied top-knots of red coral, he must show an ability to make use of the raw material of knowledge; and as thought is not more active in China than with us, few are those who reach the topmost branches of the tree of preferment. Immense numbers of graduates flinch from the second examination, preferring to vegetate through life in some slenderly paid office, where there is not much to harass and trouble, and where Court favour is less needed, and shameful downfalls less probable. The storm that levels the lofty poplar, they say, spares the humble mushroom at its foot. But there are numbers who fail to obtain even a desk in a Government bureau, or a "snug berth" in the customs, without hope of promotion. These become scribes, poets, parasites, scriveners, private tutors, one or all. Every city is full of these poor literary men, dinnerless aristocrats, with pliant backbones and tongues of honey. When a wealthy merchant's son marries another merchant's daughter, they jostle one another, these penniless graduates, as they hurry to present their fulsome stanzas on the happy event. When a rich man dies, and the paid howlers muster around the splendid coffin, a poet presents himself to express the grief of the heirs in mellifluous verse. The bachelors of letters are especially employed "to cram" the sons of wealthy families for examination, and they not only render all the services of a British private tutor, but now and then are said to personate their dear pupil on the awful day of trial, to take his place in the schools, and to receive his "testamur" for apt erudition—a crowning aid, which no Oxford or Cambridge "coach" has ever been known to render to his young friends. These little irregularities are rendered facile by the fact that Chinese examiners have itching palms, and know no salve like silver. A bribe works wonders in convincing the arbiters of the great progress which the student has made in the humanities; and in a country where



the founts of justice are corrupt, it is no wonder that degrees are to be bought. But we must not hastily conclude that the whole system is a make-believe one, and that every degree is a matter of bargain and sale. In practice there is very little purchase, for the very good reason that the candidates have more brains than dollars, and can more easily fag than pay. The mandarins—at least the mandarins of pure Chinese origin—are very seldom members of the opulent classes. It is only out of whim that a rich trader, a merchant prince such as China abounds with, brings up a son to the service of the State. The men of money make their sons supercargoes, commercial travellers, corresponding clerks, and so on. If you ask them why they prefer—they who are rolling in riches, who own fleets of junks, overbrimming warehouses, and wealth untold—to make their sons traders instead of mandarins, they tell you frankly mandarinism does not pay. It is a harassing life, very uncertain, and full of shoals and sunken rocks; even a viceroy may incur a “squeeze,” and it does not fall to everyone’s lot to inhabit a Garden of Flowers, and call the emperor cousin. On this account it is that most of the haughty satraps who sway the destinies of millions are men of very humble origin, not absolutely of the humblest, because the poor and numerous race whom we call “coolies” can seldom contrive to educate their offspring at all. The lettered aristocracy generally springs from obscure little shops, from booths in the suburbs of cities, or from farms where the cultivator tills his field with as clumsy implements and as amazing neatness as his ancestors did when Europe was a tangled swamp. Yeh, for instance, a red button of the first-class, was the son of a petty broker, courtier-marron, as the French style it.

Let us follow our graduate, whom we will suppose to be able and ambitious, on his upward course. Being accomplished in all things, according to Chinese recipes, and having a little money to invest in presents, red note-paper, and dinners, the student soon gets a place. He is, let us say, a deputy’s deputy in the customs, and his duty is to levy toll on the salt from the north, on the tea going to Canton for barbarian tea-pots, on the furs and felts of Tartary. Small, indeed, is his pay, perhaps a dollar a week, hardly enough to purchase the great sheets of letter-paper, crimson, scarlet, or rose coloured, on which he inscribes long-winded compliments to the heads of his

department, to the prefect, the judges, censors, everybody. Well for him, poor fellow, if red paper and florid flattery were all that his superiors required at his hands. Not so. He must make little birthday presents of sweatmeats, fruit, flowers, silken scarfs, and curious handkerchiefs, to fat commissioners and snug inspectors; he must fee their harpies of servants; he must give social suppers, pipes, and drink to their secretaries, messengers, and general hangers-on. All this is out of a poor hebdomadal crown piece. And yet that same dollar should feed and clothe our young mandarin, provide him with fish and rice, tea and arrack, opium and tobacco, and all his little comforts and luxuries. And yet he will live and fatten, and smoke the pipe of contentment, and keep out of debt. Perquisites, as he and his masters well know, do for him what his pay cannot do. Nor is it difficult to screw a trifle from every unofficial person with whom he comes in contact; to insert a dexterous thumb into every pie that passes the customs. The danger is rather in the very facility of extortion. Roguery is permissible in an officer of the emperor—scandal, never! If a complaint be made by any sturdy merchant, or by any troublesome aggregate of smaller men, the mandarin’s gilt copper button does not save him from loss of place. He that is too open in his thefts is no true literate, and unfit to “convey” to his decorous coffer the customary pickings of a mandarin. But a wise graduate will not act thus. Our rising young friend will take so little wool that no shorn sheep shall care to bleat against the shearer. Contenting himself with a little illegal tribute from many travellers, he will thrive. His presents will produce their fruit. He will be promoted to the eighth class, and wear a copper button still, but of another pattern. The same tactics will buoy him up. Good conduct can and will procure him the ball or button of the seventh class, copper also, but peculiarly wrought, gilt and burnished. Good conduct, as the Chinese understand it—that is, decorous, prudent knavery—has brought him thus far; but now succeeds the stumbling-block of a new examination. Being an excellent scholar, and having the best professional help, our young mandarin gets well through, and proudly struts forth in a new and lofty cap, decorated with the sixth-class knob of white stone, generally of milk-white quartz. A sixth-class mandarin is somebody in the land. No longer a mere

subaltern, fetching and carrying for his chiefs, he is now eligible for many posts in the police, the revenue, or the treasury. He is a small magistrate now, has a tiny court of his own, and can bid a dozen red-robed constables, with pheasant feathers in their caps, to unsheath the sword of justice. However, though he may unsheath the sword of justice in terrorem, he is not yet qualified to use it. Capital punishments must be decreed by greater than he. His authority is over the thumbs and backs of the commonality, whom he hangs up by the fingers, or bastinadoes soundly; but he dare not decapitate, and cannot administer even the "cangue," or bamboo pillory, for long periods. Still his motto is *Excelsior*, in a sense of strict worldliness, and he can only rise by friends and patrons. These must be conciliated. Mammon alone can win their good offices in that venal land, and public plunder can alone supply the wherewithal. Nor has a mandarin a means of self-advancement, apart from bribery sustained by extortion. Literature in that learned land of bookworms cannot be made to plump our graduate's purse. Books are esteemed it is true, but not new books. Why have new books where new ideas are voted heresies? The wisdom of their ancestors is all the Chinese care for. Such authors as they have are mere starvelings, despised and neglected; and the writer does not seek a publisher, but a patron, for his smooth verses. Of course, the mandarin of the sixth class cannot condescend so far. He has made his election, and he sits in the seat of Themis, and weighs the arguments—silver ones—on both sides of a dispute. If he escape a scandal, and consequent ruin, he may hope in a year or two to have a new cap, crystal-buttoned this time, and to enter the fifth class. There are some excellent rules respecting mandarins which are worthy of note. No man may be a mandarin holding office in his native place; he may exercise no trade; he is frequently moved from station to station, and he is strictly forbidden to marry any woman belonging to the province where he is on duty. This is a good provision against seditious leagues being formed by powerful satraps in their native district, or in one that had long been their home, and is presumed to guard against the warping of justice to serve local friendships. But venality is worse than partiality; and the tribunals are corrupt enough to gratify that old emperor, second of the Tartar dynasty, who declared that the judges ought

to be iniquitous to check litigation, as otherwise the Chinese would never be cured of dabbling in law. One more promotion, and the cap of our mandarin is bedecked with a button of pale blue. His pay is higher and his chances of speculation greater. Sedulously he applies himself to his future elevation. Another examination must be gone through, and a sort of doctorial degree taken, before he is capable of a loftier flight. This is a hard test, but his good memory and keen wit overcome it; and behold him in the third class, with a great button of transparent blue stone, beryl or sapphire, sparkling on his head-gear. He is fit for much now, but not for all. There are comfortable berths awaiting him, but some of the most tempting baits are still beyond his reach. No more degrees at least! no more cramming of proverbs! He has enough to do to fill his pockets, polish his long curved nails, eat melon seeds between his opium pipes, talk taoli, and write letters. To talk taoli is a great art. As our mandarin rises in life he converses in it more and more fluently. At every step more and more flowery grows his discourse, stuffed with tropes, metaphors, and Delphic ambiguities. As for the letter-writing, it is a pretty sight to see him, brush in hand, painting those symbolic Chinese letters firmly and elegantly with perfumed black or yellow ink on scarlet paper edged with gold leaf.

A third-class official is not yet too grand to write. By-and-by he will have a secretary always at his elbow, but not yet. And a Chinaman writes more letters in a week than we in a year. Our friend is a collector by this, or presides over the tribunal of rites, but it is in a third-rate town, a small place that he hopes soon to leave. Astuteness and industry manage the change. The carved coral button of the second order carries our mandarin to a great city, where a million of human beings shall tremble at his nod. No longer collector or president of rites, he is chief commissioner of treasures and morals, or possibly inspector of crimes. He dwells in a palace now, he has gardens and park; his banquets are superb. None are above him save the viceroy, and it is his turn to have parasites and followers. Still he has a soul above buttons—at least, above carved coral buttons. He fawns and worms his way, and crawls up the gilded ladder to its topmost giddy round. Behold him at the summit of his ambitious dreams—mandarin of the first class, viceroy of a province! On his

cap rises proudly the plain red coral button of the proudest Chinese chivalry. On his breast and back, wrought gorgeously in gold and silver, glitter the imperial arms—the dragon with open jaws. Through what difficulties, what traps and snares, what labyrinths of lies, has he fought his tortuous way! There is something admirable in the pertinacity of the man, however much we despise his roguery and falseness. He was born in a cottage; he sleeps in a grand marble palace, with guards at the gate, with troops of silken attendants within call, with everything rich and fair and bright that China can offer, and money buy, collected round him. Our mandarin is not impeccable, but the standard of Chinese morality is not a high one, and perhaps he is on a par with his neighbours. Will he rest now he has won the goal? Man is not made to rest, and mandarins, even coral-buttoned, are men still. Although our graduate is sure now of something good in the gift of the Downing Street of Pekin, he pants for more. It is not enough to be viceroy of a province, governor of a town where barbarians have to be dealt with, or imperial commissioner over one of those subject allies, the bordering kingdoms. It is not enough to have the plain coral globe, and the dragon on breast and back like a jewelled Brazilian beetle. To some favoured mandarins, the emperor grants the right to wear red sashes, yellow caps, and peacock feathers, the proud badges of the imperial family. Our mandarin, the son of a farmer or huckster, wins the day once more, and assumes the marks of Mantchoo royalty, vain as Wolsey of his cardinal's hat. One more distinction the lettered aristocrat is still entitled to. He asks for one of those rare patents of nobility that are only given to high dignitaries. There are five such in the emperor's gift. They correspond with ordinary European titles, and were not improbably copied from them, since their antiquity seems dubious. There is the rank of kOUNG or duke, possibly the same as *könig*, or king; heON, or marquis; then count, which is *phy* in Chinese; tze for baron, much like sneeze in sound; and nan for knight. The mandarin so long successful can feel a flutter of hope yet. He draws the great prize. His patent arrives, and it creates him a kOUNG or duke, under the emperor's dragon seal, and the signature of the emperor's own vermilion pencil. But the dukedom is not hereditary, any more than

the mandarin. The nobility conferred in China does not go down; on the contrary it goes up. A man's ancestors are ennobled because it is thought monstrous that the son should rank above the father.

The military mandarins are generally Tartars; they have less book-lore, and more rule of thumb, to master. They pass examinations in learning, but more in the use of arms, horsemanship, shooting with the bow, and hurling great stones. The only hereditary nobles are the Tartar princes akin to the emperor, who hold no posts, but vegetate on little pensions, poor relations of the Brother of the Sun and Moon.

### DECORATIVE ARTS FOR LADIES.

LADY GWENDOLINE DE COURCY, by birth and fortune a member of the upper ten thousand, is versed in all the accomplishments of fashionable life. She speaks French and Italian; she sings more or less brilliantly; she plays the pianoforte, the harp, and perchance the zither; she is familiar with the operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, and with some of those due to the great German composers; she can criticise the relative merits of Patti and Nilsson, of Trebelli and Smeroschi; she goes to such of the theatres as have abolished the vulgar pit; she knows what it is to spend half the night at balls, private theatricals, and grand parties, and half the day at races, lawn tennis, and driving or riding in the park.

But there are also ladies who are not satisfied to see so much time and fortune spent on such things alone. They may belong to the upper class or the middle class; they may be sisters of some religious body or not; but they are influenced by kind unselfish motives, and find ample scope in the scenes around us for rendering valuable aid. Should orphans and fatherless children be left without any protector succour is provided, perhaps admission obtained into orphanages and asylums. Should the young be neglected by careless or dissipated parents, and left as waifs and strays among the dregs of society, something is done to lift them out of the mire. Should sickness befall either old or young too poor to pay for medical aid, assistance is afforded them. Should poverty press down in a way that the poor laws can hardly reach; or incurable disease of body or mind overtake a hapless person; or inability to work come on through age or infirmities—there

are multitudes of ways in which the admirable women of whom we are speaking come to the rescue.

And there are also numerous ladies, married and single, who have a little time at their disposal which may be tastefully employed in ornamental work at once pleasing and to some extent permanently useful. It is of such that we wish to speak; the arts adverted to are many; but we have five in view, for which tools and materials are sold and directions published.

**Potichomania.** Whether ending with an *a* or an *e*, this fine-sounding word implies a taste or love for the ceramic art, all kinds of porcelain and pottery, ancient and modern, foreign and English. *Potiche* is the French name for china-jars, &c. Many years ago Chinese and Japanese jars were imitated by making a foundation of wood, and pasting upon it flowers and other designs printed on cloth and cut out; the wood being previously coated with a wash of oil colour, and subsequently varnished. The varnish, however, speedily cracked, and became very unlike the enamel of porcelain. In the more recently introduced art of potichomania glass is substituted for wood, and the flowers printed on cloth are superseded by others printed in colours on gelatinous paper. Varnish is unnecessary for the decoration, as the design is introduced into the inside of a plain but real glass vase, jar, or cup, instead of being externally applied to wood. The glass acts as an enamel, and produces an agreeable effect.

If ladies had to make the various implements and materials for themselves, patience would break down, and failure result; but there are shops where every requisite can be purchased ready for use; glass vases and other vessels, a well selected choice of coloured paper designs, tubes of moist colours for the foundation, hog's-hair brushes and finely-pointed scissors; bottles of unalterable varnish, refined essence of turpentine, a liquid gum, and a vessel in which to dilute the pigments. The gelatinised paper and the designs are intended to imitate not only Japanese and Chinese wares, but those of Sèvres, Dresden, and other celebrated varieties.

Thus armed at all points the fair artiste is bidden to select the form of vessel and style of adornment according to her taste, and then to cut the paper designs with great care, removing every portion of margin that does not belong to the design

itself. Each portion is then affixed to the interior of the glass by means either of liquid gum or by wetting the gelatinised surface of the paper. Every fragment should be made to adhere closely to the glass, even such minute details as the tendrils of plants and the wings of insects.

Matters are now ready for the varnish.

The whole interior of the glass jar, vase, or cup, is coated with a light wash of unalterable varnish, covering the design itself as well as the spaces of clean glass between the smallest portions. Skill and taste are required in the next process, that of applying the colour. This, like the varnishing, is done to the inside of the glass. The colour, in a liquid state, is chosen in tint according to circumstances, and is mixed with varnish or with oil of turpentine. These colours comprise zinc white, cobalt blue, Naples yellow, ultramarine, carmine lake, vermilion, ivory black, Veronese green, yellow lake, raw and burnt sienna, bitumen, marsh violet, gold powder, and a few other pigments, combined according as the finished vessel is intended to imitate China or Japan porcelain, Dresden or Sèvres. There are two ways of applying the colour, either with a brush, as in ordinary painting, or by pouring the liquid colour into the vessel and emptying out the surplus.

Attend to these orders, and the lady is assured by the experts that she will become a good potichomanist.

**Décalcomanie.** Whether it be that the French language lends itself more readily than the English to the formation of scientific and artistic terms, or whether it is deemed more fashionable for elegant articles and processes, certain it is that *décalcomanie* is a French word all over. It denotes the art of decorating panels of rooms, china ornaments, cloth and linen fabrics, silken and mixed fabrics, metals, and other surfaces. This is done by a process of transfer, and ladies are credited with the necessary skill to effect it tastefully. Designs of various kinds are printed on specially prepared paper, of such quality that after using it can be removed from the surface of the article by simply dampening the back; that which remains upon the surface of the article is a coloured picture in paint.

All requisites are provided by some of the artists' colourmen—including designs, bottles of prepared cement or gum, varnish, and detergents; a roller, and a piece of leather or cloth; camel and sable hair



pencils; sponge, ivory knife, scissors, and pincers. Thus furnished, our lady artist proceeds with her work.

The designs are so selected that those which are to be transferred to light surfaces shall appear like an ordinary picture; while those for dark ground are printed with a white or metallic surface. To decorate a porcelain plate, as one example, the margin of the selected design is cut away with scissors, and the remainder coated with the liquid gum by means of the sable-hair pencil. In a few minutes, when the gum is "tacky," the coloured design is placed in its proper position on the porcelain plate, the printed surface downwards. A damp leather or cloth and a roller or ivory knife are used to press the paper well down upon the porcelain. After a brief space of time the paper can be completely removed, leaving the coloured design transferred to the ware. A gentle washing, drying, and coat of varnish finish the dainty work.

If a silken surface is to be decorated instead of porcelain, more care is necessary in damping and some other of the processes. As to decorating dark surfaces, such as rosewood, brown or black silk, or other woven fabrics, japan ware, &c., the difference rests with the printer rather than with the fair *décalcomaniste*. The range of articles that can thus be decorated is considerable—china vases, tea and coffee services of white china or earthenware, screens in white wood, small boxes and card cases in the same material, straw dinner mats, slippers, sofa cushions, scent bags, ribbons, ivory trinkets, &c. A lady skilled in oil or water-colour painting can give delicate little finishing touches to her handiwork occasionally. Panels and doors of rooms likewise come within the reach of *décalcomanie*.

*Diaphanie*. Another French name here for a graceful lady-like mode of ornamentation—implying a particular style of translucent or diaphanous decoration. Fair amateurs are assured by those who know best that they can soon learn to adorn glass for church, hall, staircase, and conservatory windows, to imitate stained glass, in fact. Designs are specially prepared for this kind of work, and printed in chromo-lithography; these designs should be numerous and varied, but very few working tools are needed.

In arranging the design, the coloured surface is applied to the glass, and when the transfer has been effected the paper

may be easily removed; the design will then appear on the glass, with more or less of the effect of real stained glass. To do this, the plain surface of the paper design is well damped with sponge and cold water; then, turned over, the coloured surface receives a coating of transfer varnish, applied with a flat camel-hair brush. Then, quickly placed on the glass, it is pressed with a roller until every part well appears. The work is left several hours or a day to dry. Next for the transferring. The wet surface of the design is wetted, and the paper gradually rubbed off the glass by means of sponge, cloth, or the hand and fingers; then is left the coloured design on the glass, which, when again dried, receives a thin application of cleaning liquid, followed by one of washable varnish. And so the sheet or pane of glass takes its graceful rank as imitative stained glass.

The artists' colourmen who sell the requisite materials have produced and published two or three hundred designs for subjects, groundings, and borderings, the selection and application of which call for the exercise of taste on the part of the amateur *diaphaniste*.

A second variety of this pretty art consists in painting on ground-glass with varnish, instead of printing on transparent glass by transfer. Many different coloured pigments are required for this, such as raw and burnt sienna, rose madder, brown pink, yellow lake, ultramarine, verdigris, burnt umber, carmine, crimson lake, gamboge, Prussian blue, ivory black, &c. These pigments are all in powder, and are mixed for use with picture copal varnish, diluted if necessary with a little spirit of turpentine. Sable and camel hair pencils and flat brushes are the only other materials required. The print or drawing to be copied is laid down face upwards; a pane or sheet of glass is placed on it, and the outline of the design traced on the glass with a sable pencil dipped in ivory black and varnish. When this is thoroughly dried the glass is raised to a slanting position, with a sheet of white paper beneath it. Then begins the process of painting by copying the colours and details of the original print or drawing. The glass is finally fixed up in its proper place in a window, with the unpainted surface outside.

Another variety consists in painting glass in water-colours—an excellent mode of preparing slides for magic-lanterns. The glass, either transparent or ground, is

first washed with a bit of rag dipped in gall to remove any greasiness. The outline of the design is laid on with a pencil, water-colour, and gall, and coated with mastic varnish. Then the painting is proceeded with as in ordinary water-colours. Small subjects are most effective, as admitting of finish and delicacy. \*

For some of the above methods of ornamentation when ground-glass is directed to be employed, the effect may be tolerably well produced on imitation ground-glass. To the surface of a pane or sheet of transparent glass a coating of flake white is given, mixed with sugar of lead, oil, and spirit of turpentine, applied with a painting-brush, and dabbed on with the ends of the hairs of a badger-hair brush to give it the granular appearance of ground-glass.

**Leather Work.** In the absence of any French-looking term for this very pleasing lady-amateur mode of decorating articles of various kinds, we will simply fall back upon the old adage "There is nothing like leather." Madame Emilie de Condé, who has published a useful little work on this subject, says: "A love of the antique led me to devote much time to the examination of the old oak carvings for which Belgium is renowned. There is perhaps no other place in the world in which the carvings in wood equal those of Ghent. In the Cathedral of St. Bavin is the finest known specimen of carving in mahogany." The study of these rare old carvings led her to bring forward a method of producing them in leather, with what result we shall now show.

Basil, or sheepskin leather, is best fitted for this purpose, as little glazed as possible. Besides this leather are required oak stain, the famous Flemish oak stain for imitating the tint of rich old carvings, asphaltum, copal varnish, brushes, wire, moulding or modelling tools, cardboard, gum or liquid glue, burnt umber, spirit of turpentine, a hammer, some black tacks, and scissors. To make a leathern frame, one of deal is procured, and coated with plain oak stain. Cardboard leaves are made by placing real leaves on cardboard, tracing with a pencil, and cutting out with scissors. Oak-leaves, rose-leaves, small vine-leaves, ivy, all are suitable, the fibres being imitated with pen and ink. The leather is cut into pieces of convenient size, soaked in cold water for several minutes, slightly dried on a soft cloth, laid on the cardboard pattern, and the fibres, &c., cut out of the

leather with nicety. Then the leathern imitation leaves are pinched into shape, few natural leaves being quite flat. Stems are imitated by rolling up bits of wire in the soft damp leather.

Next to make a flower, such as a rose, out of these leaves, stems, &c. Five or six small round pieces of leather, varying in size from a farthing to two or three inches diameter, are cut out, placed concentrically (the smallest uppermost), and pierced with a hole; a piece of wire is passed through them and properly secured; the rose is then pinched into form.

And so, by modifying the processes of shaping and cutting out the pieces of leather, stringing them on wire, wrapping the leather on the wire, scalloping the edges of some of them, &c., the lady amateur is told how to produce leathern tulips, fuchsias, hyacinths, jessamine, chrysanthemums, and other flowers. To make grapes, soft thin leather, such as an old kid glove, is cut into pieces, the pieces fitted with dried peas or wooden marbles, and folded closely around them. In this way may be produced floral ornaments in leather to decorate picture and looking-glass frames, brackets, baskets, the edges of tables, &c.

There is no modelling or moulding in the imitative carvings above described; but another variety now calls for brief notice—that of bringing into form by pressure. Here our fair artist is provided with a few blunt-pointed implements to press the leather into crevices and corners, another rounded at the end, and another chisel-shaped. The leather, well soddened in water, is put on the article to be modelled, and gradually worked into all the corners and deeply-cut details by means of the small implements. After being left two or three days to dry, the surface is painted to imitate old oak, with a little diversity of light and shade produced by means of a brush dipped in spirits of turpentine. The modelled or moulded leather being so far finished in form and tint, is nailed upon any frame or other article to be decorated, and washed two or three times with diluted melted size. One or two coats of copal varnish give the final polish.

**Paper flower-making.** Another of these pleasing graceful arts in which ladies who do not admire idleness can spend a few hours occasionally. Artificial flowers made for the shops constitute a large department of industry; but the subject here treated

is simply producing a fair imitation of flowers in small pieces of paper.

The first point is the selection of paper. Sheets variously coloured may be purchased, as well as small pieces for leaves, buds, and flowers, obtainable in various stages of completeness. A pair of pincers is needed to take up and form the petals and other curved portions of a flower, and a ball-tool to bring the centre of the petal into a hollow form. Ball tools are made of different kinds to suit petals of varied size and shape. Paper of the proper tints is selected, cut, goffered at the edges for some kinds of flower, placed in proper relative positions, and mounted on stalks.

To make a rose, as a typical example, about fifty pieces of paper are prepared, some for the heart, a larger number for the petals which surround it, and a smaller number for the buds. Then, by means of the pincer and the ball tool, the proper crinkling or goffering is imitated. Gum and silken threads are employed delicately to bring the numerous small pieces into the semblance of a rose. If a model or a real rose can be glanced at occasionally as a pattern, so much the better.

And so, varied in details but not in principle, are the modes of making elegant imitations of the moss rose, the pompon rose, the Japan rose, the rose of May, the daisy, the bell-flower, the ranunculus, the camellia, the dahlia, the poppy, the field poppy, the white lily, the pomegranate, the convolvulus, the corn-flower, the tulip, the double laurel, the peony, the heart's-ease, the honeysuckle, the hyacinth, and the sweet pea. If the paper be selected with a due variety of tints, the artiste can exercise her taste in painting or pencilling.

In this way we have indicated briefly five varieties of decorative arts for ladies. It may be worth mentioning that the above details are not intended for those who seek profitable employment for ladies. Many gentlewomen (a pleasant old English word this) are sadly in need of such aids to scanty incomes, if they could be obtained with some readiness, and without a degree of publicity from which gentlewomen would sensitively shrink. This is a large subject which we do not touch on the present occasion. Our purpose has been only to describe a few arts which the feminine members of a family can practice for the graceful decoration of their own homes.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE story of Measure for Measure comes from an earlier drama by George Whetstone, *Promos and Cassandra*, first printed in 1578. This, an unmanageable work in two parts, each containing five acts, was probably not performed. In 1582 the author himself describes it as "never yet presented upon the stage." He converted it, therefore, into a novel, included in a book called *The Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, compressing into a few pages his ten acts and a multiplicity of incidents, songs, and speeches. A story in the *Hecatomithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, first printed in 1565, no doubt furnished Whetstone with the materials of his *Promos and Cassandra*, after passing into Belleforest's collection of tragic histories. But stories dealing with malefactions such as *Angelo*, the Lord-Deputy, was guilty of, were very current about the time of Cinthio and in later days. No doubt these narratives were based upon actual occurrences. Villainy like to *Angelo's* was believed of *Olivier le Dain*, the barber-favourite of *Louis the Eleventh of France*, and in *Goulart's Histoires Admirables*, 1628, is attributed now to a Spanish captain in the service of the Duke of Ferrara at *Como* in 1547, and now to a provost named *La Vouste*. In these cases, however, the heroine sacrifices herself, not for her brother, but for her husband. It has been told, too, that *Charles the Bold*, Duke of Burgundy, put to death *Rhynsault*, one of his noblemen, for some such crime, the event forming the subject of a French play by *Antoine Maréchal*, called *Le Jugement Equitable de Charles le Hardy*, 1646, and of a paper by *Steele* in the *Spectator* No. 491. *Macaulay* has written in defence of *Colonel Kirke*, against whom similar wickedness was at one time charged, and the historian mentions the charge brought during the reaction following upon the Jacobin tyranny in France against *Joseph Lebon*, one of the most odious members of the Committee of Public Safety. After enquiry, however, the innocence of the accused was admitted even by his prosecutors.

Other versions of *Cinthio's* story are enumerated in *Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare*. It is to be noted that Shakespeare has changed the scene from *Inspruck*, as it stands in *Cinthio*, to *Vienna*; whereas Whetstone, both in his play and in his novel, represents the events he sets forth to have occurred at *Julio*, in

Hungary. Shakespeare introduced the character of the forsaken Mariana to appear as Isabella's substitute and the saviour of her honour. Hallam especially commends the skill of this invention, remarking that without it "the story could not have anything like a satisfactory termination." The critic holds, however, that there is something "a little too commonplace" in the Duke's hint of his intention to wed Isabella; "it is one of Shakespeare's hasty half-thoughts." And while recognising the grand and elevated character of Isabella, Hallam "is disposed to ask whether, if Claudio had been really executed, the spectator would not have gone away with no great affection for her. At least," he concludes, "we now feel that her reproaches against her miserable brother when he clings to life like a frail and guilty being are too harsh." Hazlitt, maintaining the play to be as full of genius as it is of wisdom, yet suggests that there is "an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents us from taking a cordial interest in it."

Measure for Measure, first printed in the folio of 1623, is supposed to have been written in 1603. To a statement that the play was represented at Court by the king's players (the company to which Shakespeare belonged) in 1604, no value is now attached.

In February, 1662, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Sir William Davenant produced his *Law against Lovers*, an adaptation of *Measure for Measure*, with some new matter of his own, and the characters of Benedick and Beatrice, borrowed for the occasion from *Much Ado about Nothing*; but compelled to utter much dialogue that is not Shakespeare's. The adapter, after the manner of his craft, made many wanton changes in the work; altered, it would seem, simply for the sake of altering. For unknown reasons he thought it well to remove the scene of the comedy from Vienna to Turin.

In 1700, at the same theatre, a second mangled version of *Measure for Measure* was presented. The adapter was one Charles Gildon, whose name has obtained embalmment both in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* and in the *Dunciad*.

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;  
I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.

So Pope wrote of him; and again, grouping him with other kindred obscurities:

Know, Emden thirsts no more for sack or praise;  
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;  
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,  
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest.

He had attacked Pope scurrilously enough in a pamphlet *Life of Mr. Wycherley*, printed by Curl; and in publications called *The Complete Art of English Poetry*, and *A New Rehearsal*, or *Bayes the Younger*, issued in 1714. He had been educated at a Jesuit College, but he subsequently renounced Popery, and for some time advocated infidel opinions. In *Boyer's Political State of Great Britain, 1711-40*, Gildon is described as "a person of great literature, but a mean genius, who, having attempted several kinds of writing, never gained much reputation in any." He was said further to be emulative of the literary style of Nat Lee, for whom he professed great admiration; "but without being possessed of that brilliancy of poetical imagination which frequently atones for the mad flights of that poet. Mr. Gildon's verse runs into a perpetual train of bombast and rant."

In *Measure for Measure*, or *Beauty the Best Advocate*, as Gildon entitled his miserable alteration of the play, the comic characters, Lucio, Elbow, Froth, and the clown Pompey, are wholly suppressed. In lieu, four episodic entertainments of singing and dancing are introduced, the action of the drama meanwhile standing still. Davenant's example is followed, and the scene is laid at Turin; moreover, extracts from the *Law against Lovers* are occasionally inserted in the text without hint of acknowledgment as to their origin. Private marriages are supposed to have united Claudio and Juliet, Angelo and Mariana. The Duke of Savoy, as he is called, becomes a character of minor importance. Of Shakespeare's first act little is preserved. Escalus delivers certain of the speeches of Lucio, and when, at the close of the first interview between Isabella and Angelo, she enquires, "At what hour to-morrow shall I attend your lordship?" he replies, "As soon as the opera is over." This absurdity is repeated in Isabella's second scene with Angelo, when she rejects his infamous proposal. "Consider on it," he says; "and at ten this evening, if you'll comply, you'll meet me at the opera."

New scenes by Gildon are added exhibiting interviews between the Duke and Claudio and the Duke and Juliet. The later incidents are mutilated almost past recognition. Passages of the original are interlarded with quotations from Davenant and scraps by the adapter himself. The Duke does not re-enter in the friar's habit, and much confusion attends the winding-up of the story. The fourth entertainment



of song and dance precedes the fall of the curtain. These curious performances were no doubt imitations of the intermèdes of the French stage, such as divide, for instance, the acts of the *comédies-vaudevilles* of Molière. Gildon's adaptation had the support of Betterton as Angelo, and of Mrs. Bracegirdle as Isabella. Verbruggen played Claudio, Berry Escalus, and Mrs. Bowman Juliet. How far this contemptible version of *Measure for Measure* gratified the public of the time cannot now be stated. There is no record of any revival of Gildon's handiwork, nor of any performance of it after the season of its production.

In 1720, still at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the original play seems to have been performed in its integrity for the first time since the Restoration. Isabella was personated by Mrs. Seymour, an admired actress of tragedy; Mr. Quin appeared as the Duke, Boheme as Angelo, Ryan as Claudio, and Charles Bullock as Lucio. *Measure for Measure* enjoyed eight representations, and was reproduced during the following season. The character of the Duke probably suited Quin's histrionic method, which was noted for its oratorical pomp and solemnity. He reappeared as the Duke at Drury Lane in 1738, at Covent Garden in 1742 and in 1746. The Isabella of these performances was the famous Mrs. Cibber; Claudio was played now by Mills and now again by Ryan. The clown was now Joe Miller of jest-book notoriety, and now the popular comedian Hipposley. Lucio found representation at the hands of Chapman and Theophilus Cibber. At Drury Lane in 1746 the comedy was revived on the occasion of a benefit, when for the first time Mrs. Woffington essayed the part of Isabella, Macklin appearing as Lucio. At the same theatre in 1755 Isabella was again played by Mrs. Cibber; Mossop for the first time appeared as the Duke; Tom Davies, Woodward, and Yates being assigned the characters of Claudio, Lucio, and the Clown.

In 1770, when *Measure for Measure* was again produced at Covent Garden, the words "not acted twenty years" headed the playbills. The occasion was the benefit of Woodward, who resumed the part of Lucio. The actor was a famous representative of vivacious and eccentric comedy, and admired especially for his grace and drollery as a speaking harlequin. The stiff and saturnine Bensley

represented the Duke; the popular Quick played Elbow to the clown of Dunstall; Isabella and Mariana being personated by Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Bulkley, actresses much esteemed for their beauty. A later Isabella was the tragic actress Mrs. Yates, who undertook the part at Drury Lane in 1775 for the benefit of King, who personated Lucio, with Smith as the Duke, Palmer as Angelo, and Parsons as the Clown. It may be noted that two years afterwards these four actors found themselves engaged in performing the *School for Scandal*, the original representatives of Sir Peter Teazle, Charles and Joseph Surface, and Mr. Crabtree. In 1780, at Covent Garden, the Isabella was still Mrs. Yates; but Henderson was now the Duke for the first time, with Lee Lewes as Lucio, Wroughton as Claudio, and pretty and clever Mrs. Inchbald as Mariana.

Isabella was the first Shakespearian character assumed by Mrs. Siddons upon her return to the London stage five years after her first season of disappointment and indifferent success. In 1776 a letter from the Drury Lane prompter informed her of her dismissal. In the opinion of the management she had failed completely, and her services were no longer required. It was Garrick's last season. She had made her first appearance in London on the 29th of December, 1775, as Portia, and had subsequently been allotted the characters of Epicene in Coleman's alteration of Ben Jonson's comedy, Julia in the farce of *The Blackamoor Washed White*, Emily in Mrs. Cowley's comedy of *The Runaway*, Maria in Vaughan's farce of *Love's Metamorphoses*, Mrs. Strickland in *The Suspicious Husband*, and Lady Anne in *Richard the Third*. No doubt the actress had not been able to do herself justice; she suffered much from timidity; she was in delicate health, her eldest daughter had been born on the previous 5th of November; and she was at no time qualified for success in comedy. After two performances of Epicene, the part was taken from Mrs. Siddons and given to Lamash, a brisk comedian, the original Trip in *The School for Scandal*. The farce of *The Blackamoor Washed White* was the occasion of something like a riot in the house because of the unpopularity of the author, the Rev. Bate Dudley, editor of the *Morning Post*, at that time a very scurrilous organ. Mrs. Siddons had for rivals at this time in the same theatre such esteemed actresses as Mrs. Yates, Miss Younge, and Mrs.

Abington. With her usual shrewdness and frankness the lady last named, hearing of the proposed dismissal of Mrs. Siddons by the managers, informed them that "they were all acting like fools." Garrick was chiefly occupied with ensuring the success of his own farewell performances. "I found I must not shade the tip of his nose," said Mrs. Siddons some years afterwards. "He did nothing but put her out; he told her she moved her right hand when it should have been her left." Her dismissal was a cruel blow to her. "It was very near destroying me," she writes. "My blighted prospects indeed induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children, however, I roused myself to shake off the despondency; and my efforts were blessed with success in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury Lane as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune." She was recalled to Drury Lane in 1782, when she appeared as Isabella in Southerne's tragedy, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. It was a special triumph. When she withdrew from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits, and reached the quiet of her own fireside, she describes herself as half dead from nervous agitation and exhaustion; "my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words or even tears."

At Drury Lane, in October, 1782, a performance of *The Fatal Marriage* took place by royal command, George the Third and his queen, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Augusta, honouring the theatre with their presence. In the *London Chronicle* of the 9th of October were duly described the costumes of the illustrious spectators, with particulars of the hangings of gold-fringed velvet, satin, and silk that draped and adorned the royal box. As the Isabella of Southerne Mrs. Siddons obtained universal applause. On the following 3rd of November she appeared as the Isabella of Shakespeare. There had been question it seems whether she could successfully accomplish a Shakespearian character, whether she had courage enough to make the attempt. Her triumph in *Measure for Measure* was, as Campbell writes, "an epoch in her life." He continues: "It is true that in Isabella she had less scope for impassioned acting than in Constance and Lady Macbeth; she had to represent principle more than passion. But

Mrs. Siddons, with that air of uncompromising principle in her physiognomy, which struck one at first sight and was verified by the longest acquaintance, looked the novice of St. Clair so perfectly that I am sure if Shakespeare had seen her among a thousand candidates for the part, he would have beckoned to her to come and perform it. . . . The simplicity of her dress might be described, but not the moral simplicity of her demeanour." Boaden suggests that this her first Shakespearian part after her early discomfiture was selected "as affording some relief to her frame, really exhausted by the dreadful fatigues she had undergone" in the provinces as the representative of the more vehement heroines of tragedy. The royal family attended the second performance of *Measure for Measure*. Smith was still the Duke, and Palmer again played Angelo, with Lee Lewes as Lucio, Brereton as Claudio, and Parsons as the Clown.

In December, 1794, John Kemble appeared as the Duke for the first time, and *Measure for Measure* obtained eight representations. He had some time before revised the play and published an acting edition, which made no serious changes, however, in the original text. Boaden commends the dignity of Kemble's performance, its "venerable propriety and picturesque effect;" and pronounces Mrs. Siddons's Isabella "a model of cloistered purity, and energy, and grace." He adds: "I have never seen a more perfect delineation. When she afterwards read the play in public she projected this character beyond the rest, perhaps more from the habit of acting it herself than from any designed departure from the equality imposed by reading." Palmer was still Angelo, with John Bannister as Lucio, Wroughton as Claudio, Suett as the Clown, Parsons as Elbow, and Mrs. Powell as Mariana. At Covent Garden in 1803 *Measure for Measure* was even more strongly supported, the bills announcing that the play had not been acted for twenty years. John Kemble and his sister had now the aid of the Angelo of George Frederick Cooke, who undertook the part for the first time, and the Claudio of Charles Kemble; the characters of Elbow, Clown, Barnardine, and Mrs. Overdone, being represented by Blanchard, Emery, Farley, and Mrs. Davenport.

Isabella continued to be one of Mrs. Siddons's most admired impersonations to the close of her professional career, although time and infirmity interfered considerably

with the effect of her later efforts. Much allowance had to be made for the portly Isabella of fifty-five. It was noticed during her last season (1811-12) that when she knelt to the duke in the last act imploring him to spare the life of Angelo, she could not rise without assistance. "This was, of course, given her; but to conceal the real reason, Mrs. Powell, who acted Mariana, was also assisted in rising." Nor was she any longer able in representing the more violent heroines of tragedy to throw herself down upon the stage as she had formerly done, or to undergo the severe physical exertions that had at one time been usual with her. "These things," Geneste notes shrewdly, "may be called stage-tricks, but when judiciously introduced and happily executed they add vastly to the effect produced upon an audience." He adds curiously: "Mrs. Siddons in some particular situations had a look with her eyes which it is hardly possible to describe; she seemed, in a manner, to turn them in her head; the effect was exquisite but almost painful." During her last season she played Isabella seven times. With the exception of Lady Macbeth, which she played ten times, Isabella seems to have been her most attractive character, the number of performances being accepted as a test. Her other characters were Elvira in Pizarro, which she played five times; Mrs. Beverley, in the Gamester, four times; Constance, four; Euphrasia, in The Grecian Daughter, twice; Queen Katharine, six times; Isabella, in The Fatal Marriage, twice; Belvidera, in Venice Preserved, six times; Hermione, four times; Volumnia, four; Mrs. Haller, in The Stranger, twice. In several of her letters she had referred with some impatience to the fatigues incident to her histrionic duties; yet it seems clear that she quitted the stage with regret, and was much impressed as the moment drew near for her to bid a last farewell to her profession. To Mrs. Piozzi she wrote: "In this last season of my acting I feel as if I were mounting the first step of a ladder conducting me to the other world."

Her last performances of Isabella were supported by her brothers John and Charles in the characters they had formerly sustained; by the Lucio of Jones, the Angelo of Barrymore, the Escalus of Murray, with Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Davenport as Mariana and Mrs. Overdone. Blanchard was still Elbow, but Liston was now the Clown in lieu of Emery, who appeared with special success as Barnardine. Geneste, who seems

to have been present, writes: "All the parts were well acted except Angelo; Emery looked and acted admirably." And in the Dramatic Censor of November, 1811, after full recognition of the merits of the chief performers, attention is called to the special qualities of Emery's representation of the "limited and rough character of Barnardine."

Measure for Measure reappeared upon the stage during Miss O'Neill's second season in London, and was represented five times in 1816. John Kemble now resigned the character of the Duke to Charles Young; otherwise Miss O'Neill had the assistance of the performers who had supported Mrs. Siddons as Isabella; Charles Kemble, Jones, Murray, Liston, Blanchard, Emery, and Mrs. Davenport. Miss O'Neill had been received upon her every appearance with something like rapture; the enthusiasm of her audience was without bounds. It may be questioned, however, whether her Isabella was one of her most successful efforts. A critic of the time describes her as "little, if anything, above the middle size; her eyes blue, her hair light; her features expressive, though not strikingly regular; her voice had a mournful cadence in it that, however it might tend to heighten the effect of her tragic scenes, certainly marred her comic efforts; she sings pleasantly," &c. Hazlitt, while recording his hearty admiration of her merits, notes as "the only drawback to the pleasure derived from seeing her, that she sometimes carried the expression of grief or agony of mind to a degree of physical horror that could hardly be borne. Her shrieks in the concluding scenes of some of her parts were like those of mandrakes, and you stopped your ears against them; her looks were of 'moody madness laughing wild amidst severest woe'; and you turned your eyes from them, for they seemed to sear like the lightning. Her eye-balls rolled in her head; her words rattled in her throat. This was carrying reality too far. . . . But these were faults arising from pushing truth and nature to excess; and we should at present be glad to see 'the best virtues' of others make even an approach to them." Of her performance of Shakspearian characters, with the exception of Juliet, Hazlitt has said little. He calmly observes: "We occasionally see something on the stage that reminds us a little of Shakespeare. Miss O'Neill's Juliet, if it does not correspond exactly with our idea of the character, does not degrade it."

He fervidly applauds her efforts as Mrs. Beverley, as Belvidera, and as Isabella in Southerne's tragedy; of her interpretation of Shakespeare's Isabella he says no word.

Measure for Measure offered no temptations to either Edmund or Charles Kean. They took no part in any representation of the play. In 1824 Measure for Measure was performed twice at Drury Lane, when Macready appeared as the Duke, with Mrs. Bunn as Isabella, Liston as Lucio, and Harley as the Clown. Geneste mentions that Liston was "worse than lost in Lucio." Macready writes in his *Reminiscences*: "Kean persisting in his refusal to appear in the plays with me, the repetition of the parts I had before acted, with the performance of the Duke in Measure for Measure, a character in which dignity of demeanour and lofty declamation are the chief requisites, brought me to the end of my engagement," &c. Kean was hard to please; he feared the rivalry of Macready, and he declined further to appear with Mrs. Bunn: he felt dwarfed by her tall figure and stately movements. From Macready's *Journals* it may be gathered that some years later, in 1837, he was still employed in studying the character of the Duke. He writes: "For an hour before I rose I worked at the words of the Duke in Measure for Measure, which I find the most difficult of any part I ever laboured at to fasten in my memory; pursued this same task until I went to rehearsal, and there I continued it," &c.

It was at the second performance of Measure for Measure at Drury Lane in 1824 that the histrionic merits of Mr. Benjamin Webster first attracted the attention of the playgoing public. The actor was possessed of some six years' professional experience, but he had meantime thrice left the stage in despair of arriving at eminence, and employed himself as a bookseller. But a serious attack of ophthalmia prevented Harley from appearing as the Clown, and there was great difficulty in finding a substitute. Suddenly the stage manager, Mr. Bunn, bethought him of a young man who had played many parts for him upon very brief notice during his direction of the Birmingham Theatre. Benjamin Webster was accordingly sent for. But the summons did not reach him until half-past five on the evening of performance. As he himself has related: "When I was told of the circumstance I was horror-struck. I ran to the theatre. No official was there. What was I to do?"

'Set to work' was the reply; 'you have done as much before.' But not with Shakespeare and in London. I obtained a very cold reception, but the audience warmed to me at the end of my first scene. At the termination of the great tale Pompey has to tell, three distinct rounds of applause greeted the poor unknown player, and the courage I had screwed up at this point sunk into my shoes, and I could scarcely carry them off. The success was complete; all the great actors came round me. I was led in a sort of triumph to the first green-room, which my salary did not entitle me to enter; and the press pronounced my performance the great hit of the evening." Some two or three seasons passed, however, before the actor was secure of permanent engagements at Drury Lane, and, in the summer, at the Haymarket Theatre.

In 1846 Mr. Phelps produced Measure for Measure at Sadler's Wells, undertaking the part of the Duke, with Mr. Marston as Claudio, and Mr. Hoskins as Lucio; the Isabella at this time being Miss Laura Addison, a young actress of singular promise, remarkable for her physical graces and her fervour of manner. Her career, unhappily, was of brief duration; she died, in 1852, on her voyage from Albany to New York, after fulfilling some few engagements upon the London stage. Her place in Mr. Phelps's company was filled forthwith by Miss Isabella Glyn, whose Isabella ranked among her finest performances. "Miss Glyn," writes a critic in 1848, "threw much enthusiasm into the part of Isabella, which is the most highly coloured of her personations."

Later representations of Measure for Measure have occurred at the Haymarket in 1876 and again in 1878, in order that Miss Neilson might essay the character of Isabella. The lady's performance was pronounced "interesting rather than powerful, graceful rather than intense, unequal in sustained strength, and occasionally, as in the last act, inclined to fade and wane instead of burning with an undimmed light."

## SET IN A SILVER SEA.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

### CHAPTER XXII. RANF PUTS THE LINKS OF THE CHAIN TOGETHER.

"THOSE were the last words which were written in the Bible, and they wrung my heart with the force of an uttered cry. It



was as though the unhappy girl stood before me, appealing for justice.

"Justice she can never obtain. Revenge may come. Through me? Perhaps. The strange change which has placed her confession in my hands is but part of a design yet to be completed.

"It is not chance; it is destiny.

"After reading the confession, persons and events swarmed in my mind in almost inextricable confusion. Gradually they reduced themselves to something like order. What are the conclusions plainly to be drawn from this tangle of deceit and treachery?

"That Harold and Mauvain are villains? It is no new discovery. From the first I have formed a just estimate of the character of these gentlemen.

"Best to call them gentlemen. Men with a true sense and appreciation of manhood do not systematically betray innocence. Chivalry is not utterly extinct. But men are scarce; gentlemen abound.

"Leontine, my dog, you are to be envied. Better to be a faithful hound than a human being who lives for the pleasure of the hour and cares not who suffers.

"It is really a question which is the higher animal, man or beast.

"What did this scornful sculptor say to Mauvain? 'Nature throws our sins at our doors, and wise men make haste to bury them.' And again: 'The true philosophy of life is the pursuit of pleasure.' Then, indeed, life is a bestial gift, and all that is fair most foul.

"Aye, Harold, you were right when you said that Nature throws our sins at our doors. You may live to prove your words. And I, the hunchback, may open the grave in which you have made haste to bury your cowardly crime. Your haste was premature. Your crime lives, and it may happen that the hour will come when its beauty shall pierce your heart and cause you unutterable pain. Trust me to direct it to that end. So strangely do things come about! In your wildest dreams you could not have imagined that on this lonely snow-clad mount (nearer to heaven than you will ever be) the flight of a hawk after my white dove, thirsting for its innocent blood, should be the means of bringing your villainy to light.

"Clarice and the lady who sought refuge in my mother's hut on the night of the storm are one. By what process of reasoning do I arrive at this conclusion? Unless the point is definitely fixed, all the

circumstances which surround it, in which strange fortune has made me a principal agent, vanish into air.

"Fair in its promise was Clarice's life; most unhappy in its fulfilment. The confession in the Bible proves it; the words of sorrow that fell from the lady's lips in my mother's hut prove it. Clarice had a child; the lady, also—a child who was torn from her, as her sister was. As Clarice's sister, Marguerite, was torn from her. The lady's father was dead at the time the confession was written. Thus, there is as yet no conflicting line in the history of these two lives—which are not two, but one.

"By what means was Clarice's sister torn from her? By treachery. It was a plot planned with skill and cunning; a plot to which I have no clue. And there must have been another hand in it—a hand at present hidden from me. Patience, Ranf, patience; all will be made clear to you in time.

"Between these sisters existed a devoted love. More perfect on Marguerite's side than Clarice's, for in Marguerite's breast beat the stronger heart; she was the guide, the protector. Clarice was a child; Marguerite a woman.

"Hapless Marguerite! Faithful sister! Had fate led you to Clarice in the hour of her delusive dream your honest glance would have pierced its hollowness. Had fate led you to her in the hour of her anguish you would have vindicated her honour and exposed the knave who had betrayed her. I can see Harold shrinking from the indignant looks and words of Marguerite, whom his smooth tongue is powerless to deceive; I can see him turning away, humiliated at the exposure of the trick which destroyed the happiness of an innocent young life.

"By what means was Clarice's child torn from her? By death? No. She lives, and her name is Evangeline.

"In my mother's hut, upon my return from my wanderings, I found the Bible in which Clarice's confession was concealed. All evidence points to the presumption that Evangeline is Clarice's child. In what manner my mother obtained possession of the child and the Bible time may never disclose. Death has placed its seal upon this mystery.

"Conjecture here must find a place; there shall be as few blank spaces in the picture as possible.

"Harold should do her justice, Clarice

declared. It was a cry of despair forced from her suffering soul—an appeal which, in the fruit it should bear, was utterly, utterly hopeless.

"Her grief, her shame, were not for the eyes of those who had attended her in the pretty cage provided for her by her lover. Alone, she, with her child, would traverse the weary road. She crept from the cottage at night, with no thought or knowledge of the difficulties in her way. She suffered—do I not know what she suffered? I, a strong man, inured to hardship, meeting it with scorn, could not avoid the smart of the world's cruelty; how much less Clarice, a weak girl, frightened of shadows, and as poor perhaps as I when she set out on her journey? By her side walked a phantom which all men and women could see, proclaiming her degradation. Near her journey's end her strength gave way, and it was at this point of her career that my mother came across her, and learnt, mayhap, from her fevered lips the story of her shame. What purpose my mother had in her mind when she stole the child it is impossible for me to say. But it appears to me certain that upon Clarice's recovery from her illness she was told that her child was dead.

"Then, childless and heart-broken, she found Harold, and with him Mauvain. She was received with tenderness, for the fatal reason that her child was dead. It is almost incredible that there are in the world men who rejoice in the death of a child.

"I remember when, at Mauvain's request, Harold accompanied me to see the child I claimed as my own that, when his eyes fall upon Evangeline, his face grew as white as death. Did any suspicion present itself to his mind? If it did, he deemed it convenient to set it aside. Awkward complications might arise from such a resurrection in the life of a man who made pleasure the be-all and end-all of his life. 'A man's mind,' he said to me on the ship which conveyed us to the Silver Isle, 'is like a prison-house; there are cells in it whose doors we keep tightly closed until some momentous event forces them open, and lets in the light we dread.'

"Had my mother known as much as I she would have added the name of Harold to those of Mauvain, Ranf, and Evangeline written in the Bible. She may have had a motive in suppressing it; she was a cunning woman; she knew whom to truckle to, whom it paid best to serve.

"An important link has yet to be sup-

plied, and the only person in the Silver Isle who can furnish it is Margaret Sylvester. It is of small moment that in Clarice's confession she calls her sister Marguerite. The resemblance between these two women grows stronger to my mind the longer I dwell upon it. Margaret Sylvester has a child, Gabrielle; between this child and Clarice the resemblance is even more striking; yet I doubt, but for my discovery of Clarice's confession, whether I should have ever regarded it as other than an accidental resemblance.

"I will speak to Margaret Sylvester. I shall not disclose the secret to her, for the present at least. I have reason to be suspicious of all mankind, and were another human being to share my secret, it might be the means of estranging Evangeline from me. I must be cautious, therefore, and learning what I wish to learn, shall keep my own counsel.

"Many of Harold's words recur to me with strange significance. 'I love a woman passionately; another man steps between us and makes me suffer.' Did Mauvain step between him and Clarice? Again: 'No man knows what is before him; and although I shall part from you and our little maid with no definite idea of ever meeting you again, it may happen that our lines of life may strangely cross in the future.' Spoken like a fatalist. Yes, Harold, it may happen, and then the advantage will be on the side of the hunchback you despised.

"I feel stronger and better. To-morrow I shall be able to walk to the lower huts, and to the house—Mauvain's house—in which Evangeline has found a home.

\* \* \* \*

"It was good to get out again into the fresh air. My birds and goats and dogs had missed me, I am sure. My dogs leapt upon me and kissed me; my goats rubbed their heads against my legs; my birds came at my call.

"I set the huts in order, and accompanied by Leontine made my way to the stretch of wood that lies in the rear of the house occupied by Margaret Sylvester. There I gave voice to my signal for Evangeline, the song of the lark. Evangeline answered it almost immediately.

"She is growing more beautiful every day, and not less affectionate. It is a week since I saw her, and she was full of a story which she related to me with eagerness. It concerned Joseph Sylvester, Margaret's son.

"These children and Gabrielle are companions, and there is something in the lad's manner which has attracted me to him. His face is frank and honest, and his eyes do not seek the ground when I look at him. I have spoken but a few words to him, and a little while since, upon Evangeline's prompting, I expressed a liking for the lad. She informed him of this, and thereupon an incident occurred which Evangeline was eager to relate to me.

"Evangeline, girl-like, asked Joseph for a proof of his fondness for her; she had no thought of anything serious, but Joseph accepted the question in that light, and laying his left hand upon a stone struck it with all his force with a stout branch, and sorely wounded it.

"It was wicked of me," said Evangeline; "I drove him to it. I asked him to strike as hard as he could, to show me how much he loved me. He struck his hand at once, and it was covered with blood. It must hurt him now, although it was a week ago."

"It was a brave action," I said; "if Joseph would do as much for you when he is a man——"

"He will," quickly interrupted Evangeline; "he said he would like to die for me; but there would be no good in his doing that."

"Unless it were to defend you from an enemy," I said.

"An enemy," exclaimed Evangeline; "why should I have an enemy?"

"You have none on this isle, I am sure."

"Oh, no," she cried, "here everybody loves me, and I know no one else. See—Joseph is there."

"I called the lad to me, and spoke words of praise to him for the pain he had inflicted on himself.

"It was nothing," he said; "Evangeline makes out as if it was a wonderful thing. I would do more than that, without thinking of it."

"He did not speak with bravado; there was a modest firmness in his voice rare in a lad so young.

"Shall we strike up a friendship, Joseph?" I asked.

"His eyes sparkled, and Evangeline pressed my hand.

"I should like to," replied Joseph.

"Let it be so, then," I said; "you and I are friends from this day forth. But if people speak against me—how, then?"

"I would not believe them," said Joseph.

"Examine me well, Joseph; see how

crooked I am—unlike every other man in the isle."

"I like you all the better for it," he said, without hesitation.

"Then my face, my lad. Even in a picture you never saw a queerer face than mine. Think twice; I am not a man to be trifled with. It would be dangerous to give me friendship and withdraw it through caprice. If you pledge yourself, I shall hold you to your pledge."

"I don't know," said Joseph, with a look in his eyes which denoted that he was studying what I said, "whether I understand you or not; but I should be proud of your friendship, and if you give it to me, I will stand up for you and be true to you."

"Oh, then; people speak against me?"

"Yes."

"And think it a strange thing that Evangeline should love me!"

"Yes."

"And invent stories of my life on the snow mountain, and say it is best to have nothing to do with such a man as I!"

"Something like that."

"And in spite of all, you wish to be my friend."

"Yes, if you will let me."

"You must have a reason. Let me know it."

"Evangeline loves you; I love what she loves."

"Give me your hand." He offered me his wounded hand, and I pressed it; he did not wince. "Evangeline is the link between us. It is for her sake I do what I have never done before in my life."

"I heard Evangeline murmur softly to herself, 'I am glad, I am glad!'"

"And now, Joseph," I said, "our compact being made, let your mother know I wish to speak with her."

"Presently the children were gone, and Margaret Sylvester stood before me. The moment she saw me she divined what had escaped the children's notice.

"You have been ill," she said.

"I was moved by the sympathy expressed in her voice.

"I met with an accident," I said, "and am thankful to have escaped with life. I should have been sorry, if it is given to us to rejoice and suffer in another state of being, for I do not want to lose my hold of life till certain things are accomplished."

"The days are peaceful here," she said, with a sigh; "life flows on calmly. During the years I have lived on this isle I have had no sorrows but those which ordinarily

fall to the lot of men and women. One ought to be happy here.'

"You are surely so, Margaret Sylvester. With husband and children who love you, surrounded by plenty, attended by respect and affection, what more can a woman desire?"

"You are right," she replied; "it should be sufficient, and I ought to thank God day and night, upon my knees, for a lot so free from care. What was the nature of your accident?"

"I saw a flower on the mountain top; it shone like gold, and I wished to obtain it. That it was out of my reach strengthened my wish, as is usual with human creatures. Attempting to pluck the flower, I lost my foothold, and fell over the precipice. Saved by the branch of a tree which I caught as I rolled down, I managed to crawl to my hut. To such a man as I a few bruises are of small account."

"While I spoke I was attentively observing her; the resemblance between her and Clarice was unmistakable, although Clarice was formed on a more delicate mould."

"Your life is a lonely one," said Margaret; "why do you not come among us and strive to win the love of the islanders?"

"Too late, mistress," I replied; "I have no desire for companionship. With my dogs, and birds, and goats, I am perhaps as happy as I deserve to be. There is something on my mind, mistress. It concerns Evangeline. I may open my mind to you."

"Surely. What have you to say about Evangeline? You will not take her from me!"

"I have no such thought. That wild mountain is well enough for me, but it is not a fit place for a flower so tender as Evangeline. Yet, mistress, I believe I have only to say to her, Come, and she would obey me without question. Content yourself. I am satisfied with the home in which she is growing to womanhood; I am satisfied with your care of her. But I am curious to know why, when we first came to this isle, you were so anxious to receive her. It is not an idle curiosity,

for it leads to another subject I shall presently mention. Why, with children of your own, did you beg that Evangeline should be given into your charge?"

"I need make no secret of it," said Margaret, with a wistful look; "she reminded me of one whom I loved."

"Who was dear to you?"

"Very, very dear," she replied, with emotion.

"If you remember," I said, "on the night I first saw you here I remarked that you were unlike the other women on the isle."

"I remember."

"You told me you were not born on the isle, and I asked you to step into the light so that I could see you clearly. But for that inspection it is likely that I should not have consented to allow Evangeline to remain with you."

"Her curiosity was aroused."

"What was there in me that satisfied you I was a woman to be trusted?"

"Why, mistress, rightly or wrongly, it seemed to me that I had seen you elsewhere—in the old world, where the days were not so peaceful, and where life did not flow as calmly as in this Silver Isle. Here, said I to myself, is a woman who has seen trouble, and knows when quicksands are close by; a woman who has been through the fire, and has not suffered. To such a woman I may safely entrust Evangeline."

"My words affected her powerfully, and it was a little while before she mustered strength to speak."

"You have seen me elsewhere, you say. Ah! how mistaken you are when you say I have not suffered! It is so long since I have spoken of the old life that the mere mention of it causes me exquisite pain. You have seen me in the old world! Was I alone?"

"No, mistress; you had with you a girl younger than yourself, who looked like your sister. I heard her name mentioned. If I am not mistaken, it was Clarice."

"Tears flowed down her face as I spoke these words."

"It is true," she sobbed, and turned away.

"I did not intrude upon her grief. The link was supplied, and the chain is complete."

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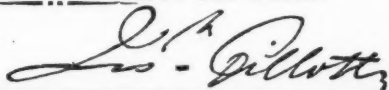
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